A MICRON PUBLICATION

PICTURE COMBAT LIBRARY No. 170

The GRIM GAME of WAR

1/3

ALSO ON SALE NOW

No. 171

BATTLE FOR BANANA RIDGE

ONE OF THE

OTHER GREAT

TITLES ON

YOUR BOOKSTALL

NOW!

NEXT MONTH'S TITLES

COMBAT PICTURE LIBRARY

No. 173
ESCAPE FROM CRETE

No. 174
SPY IN THE SKY

No. 175
THE GHOST SQUADRON

No. 176
RAID ON ST. JULIAN

On Sale Wednesday, January 1st

The Grim Game Of War
TO MOST MEN, WAR IS FUTILE, INSANE. IT CAUSES UNTOLD SUFFERING AND PAIN. YET THERE IS THE BREED OF MEN WHO LOOK UPON IT AS A RELEASE TO THEIR HATE — THE FANATIC AND THE REVENGE-SEEKER...

ON THE 20TH MAY, 1941, GERMAN AIRBORNE TROOPS LANDED ON BRITISH-HELD CRETE AND INTENSE FIGHTING DEVELOPED. SEVEN DAYS LATER, THE BRITISH COULD WITHSTAND THE HEAVY ASSAULT NO LONGER AND THEY ABANDONED THE ISLAND, A BEATEN ARMY.

BUT, IN THE CHAOS OF RETREAT MEN GET LEFT BEHIND. THAT WAS WHAT HAPPENED TO MAJOR GOOD'S PATROL.

THEY KNEW THE ISLAND WAS LOST TO THE ENEMY. NOW THEY WERE HEADING FOR THE COAST, HOPING TO REACH THE EVACUATION BOATS BEFORE THEY PULLED OUT.

IF WE MISS THE BOATS, WE'LL BE LIKE RATS IN A TRAP...

COME ON, YOU MEN. GET THOSE FEET MOVING.

THEY WERE TIRED MEN WHO HAD SEEN A LOT OF FIGHTING AND KILLING. IT DID NOT HELP WHEN THEY SAW THE GERMAN FLAGS FLYING IN THE PORT BELOW THEM.

FOR A FEW MINUTES, THEY STOOD SILENT AND SHOCKED, TRYING TO ADJUST THEMSELVES TO THE PERILOUS POSITION THEY WERE IN. IT DID NOT TAKE THEM LONG. THEY WERE HARD MEN.

OH WELL, IT COULD BE WORSE, I S'POSE. AT LEAST WE'RE STILL ALIVE AND KICKING.

YER, NO GOOD WORRYING ABOUT IT AS MY OLD MAN USED TO SAY TO ME WHEN I WAS A KID.

THE MAJOR SMILED PROUDLY WHEN HE HEARD HIS MEN'S LIGHT-HEARTED REMARKS. HE KNEW HE COULD RELY ON THEM — THEY HAD BEEN THROUGH A LOT TOGETHER.

THEY'RE A FINE BUNCH OF MEN, SERGEANT. I COULDN'T ASK FOR BETTER...

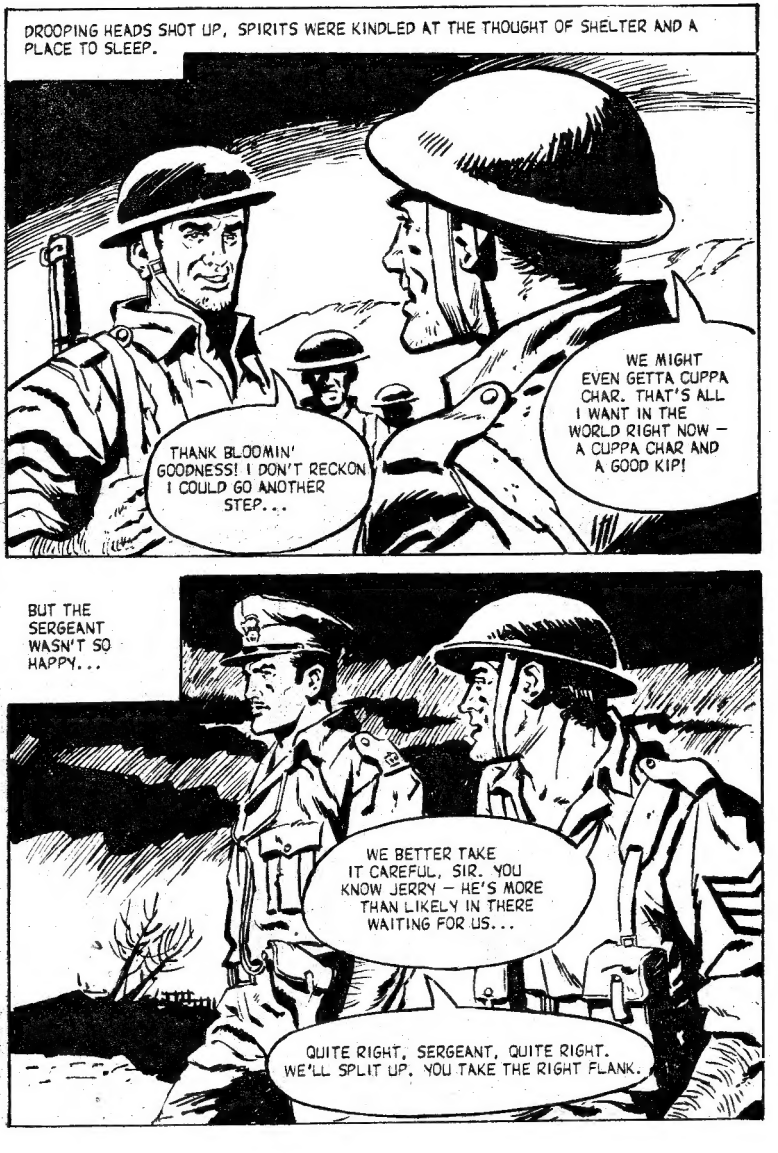
WE COULD ATTACK THE PORT, SIR. IT'D BE SLAUGHTER, BUT A LOT OF GERMANS WOULD DIE WITH US!

MAJOR GOOD SHOOK HIS HEAD INCREDULOUSLY HE HAD KNOWN THE SERGEANT A LONG TIME AND STILL HE COULD NOT UNDERSTAND HIM.

THERE IS NO TIME FOR SUICIDAL HEROICS, SERGEANT GILES. WE STILL HAVE A CHANCE OF GETTING AWAY. THERE ARE MANY FISHING VILLAGES ALONG THE COAST. THEIR BOATS CAN TAKE US OUT.

TEN MINUTES LATER, THEY SET OFF BACK INTO THE ROUGH TERRAIN OF THE COUNTRY. THEY WERE ANXIOUS, BUT THEY HAD HOPE.

EVENING WAS BEGINNING TO DARKEN THE SKY AND THEIR LEGS ACHED PAINFULLY. THEN, ONE OF THEM GAVE OUT AN EXCITED SHOUT...
MAJOR! OVER THERE — A FARM...!


DROOPING HEADS SHOT UP, SPIRITS WERE KINDLED AT THE THOUGHT OF SHELTER AND A PLACE TO SLEEP.
THANK BLOOMIN' GOODNESS! I DON'T RECKON I COULD GO ANOTHER STEP...
WE MIGHT EVEN GETTA CUPPA CHAR. THAT'S ALL I WANT IN THE WORLD RIGHT NOW — A CUPPA CHAR AND A GOOD KIP!
BUT THE SERGEANT WASN'T SO HAPPY...
WE BETTER TAKE IT CAREFUL, SIR. YOU KNOW JERRY — HE'S MORE THAN LIKELY IN THERE WAITING FOR US...
QUITE RIGHT, SERGEANT, QUITE RIGHT. WE'LL SPLIT UP. YOU TAKE THE RIGHT FLANK.

A FEW QUIET WORDS AND THE TWO GROUPS MOVED FORWARD CAUTIOUSLY. LUCKILY, THE FAILING LIGHT WAS IN THEIR FAVOUR.
KEEP IT SLOW AND STEADY, LADS.

IT TOOK THEM FIVE FULL MINUTES TO REACH THE STONE FARM COTTAGE AND ALWAYS THERE WAS THE DEATHLY SILENCE.
TAKE THE DOOR, SERGEANT.

THE DOOR CREAKED EERILY ON ITS HINGES AS GILES PUSHED HIS WAY IN. WITH AN EXPERIENCED EYE HE SEARCHED THE ROOM. THE MEN OUTSIDE SIGHED HEAVILY WITH RELIEF WHEN HE SPOKE...
ALL RIGHT! THERE'S NO-ONE IN HERE. YOU CAN COME IN!
PHEW! I DON'T WANT TO GO THROUGH THAT AGAIN.

INSIDE THE COTTAGE ROOM, THE ENGLISHMEN FELT SAFER THAN THEY'D FELT ALL DURING THAT NERVE-TEARING DAY.
NOW FOR A NICE HOT CUPPA. PUT THE KETTLE ON, CHARLEY!
WE GOING TO STAY HERE FOR THE NIGHT, SIR?
YES, COLLINS. IT'S THE LEAST YOU MEN DESERVE...

SUDDENLY, A FAMILIAR, GUTTURAL SOUND CUT THROUGH THEIR TALKING. GILES SPRANG TO THE WINDOW.
JERRIES!

OUTSIDE IN THE FARMYARD CRETAN PEASANTS WERE STANDING IN FRONT OF A WALL. GERMAN RIFLES WERE POINTING AT THEM.
NOW FOR SOME FUN WITH THESE CRETAN PIGS. MAKE THEM DANCE, CAMARADES, MAKE THEM DANCE!

THE GERMANS BEGAN TO FIRE AT THE FEET OF THE TERRIFIED PEASANTS. IT WAS TOO MUCH FOR SERGEANT GILES...

I'LL GET THEM, THE SWINE!

HE SMASHED THE WINDOW, BLIND WITH RAGE. THE GERMANS DIED UNDER THE FIRE OF THE CHATTERING STEN GUN WITH SHOCKED SURPRISE ON THEIR FACES.

YOU GUTTERSNIPE!

AAAAGH...

AFTER THE MASSACRE WAS OVER, THE OTHERS RUSHED OUTSIDE AND TENDED TO THE TREMBLING PEASANTS. BUT GILES HAD NOT FINISHED...

YOU DON'T GET AWAY THAT EASY, JERRY!

NO, GILES, THERE'S NO NEED TO KILL HIM. HE'S WOUNDED...

THE ANGRY STUTTER OF THE STEN DROWNED THE MAJOR'S WORDS. THE GERMAN DIED WHERE HE LAY.

YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO KILL HIM, SERGEANT GILES. HE COULDN'T HAVE GOT AWAY.

HE'S BETTER OFF DEAD... LIKE ALL GERMANS...

THEY SHUFFLED BACK INTO THE COTTAGE, THEIR SPIRITS DAMPENED BY THE SLAUGHTER. ALL THEY WANTED TO DO NOW WAS TO SLEEP, TO FORGET THE SAVAGERY OF WAR FOR A FEW HOURS.

THERE WASN'T MUCH TALKING FROM THEN ON. AFTER A MEAL SERVED BY THE GRATEFUL PEASANTS, THEY LAY WHERE THEY COULD, AND MERCIFUL SLEEP SWIFTLY OVERWHELMED THEM.
I'LL TAKE FIRST GUARD, MAJOR. THIS AREA MUST BE CRAWLING WITH JERRIES.
RIGHT, SERGEANT! BUT BEFORE YOU GO, THERE'S SOMETHING I'D LIKE TO ASK YOU... SOMETHING THAT HAS PUZZLED ME FOR A LONG TIME...

THE MAJOR'S FACE WAS GRIM...
WHY IS IT THAT YOU HATE THE GERMANS SO INTENSELY, SERGEANT? WHY DO YOU SEEM TO TAKE PLEASURE IN KILLING THEM...?

A SHADOW OF WEARINESS FLITTED ACROSS THE SERGEANT'S FACE THEN. IT WAS QUICKLY DISPLACED BY A SNARL...
THEY KILLED MY FATHER IN THE FIRST WAR, MAJOR. THEN THEY BLASTED MY WIFE AND KIDS AND HOME LAST YEAR WITH A BOMB. THEY'VE TAKEN AWAY EVERYTHING I HAD TO LIVE FOR — THAT'S WHY I HATE THE GERMANS, MAJOR...AND I'M DETERMINED TO KILL AS MANY AS I CAN...!

NEXT MORNING, JUST BEFORE DAWN, THE BRITISH PATROL SET OUT FROM THE FARM, REFRESHED AND SHARPENED AFTER THEIR LONG, RESTFUL SLEEP.
I DO NOT KNOW HOW TO REPAY YOU FOR SAVING OUR LIVES. ONLY TO WISH YOU LUCK...
YOU REPAYED IT ENOUGH WITH THAT MEAL YOU GAVE US, MATE. I HAVEN'T ENJOYED ONE SO MUCH IN ALL MY LIFE.
GOODBYE, MY FRIEND. ONE DAY WE WILL BE BACK...TO DRIVE THE NAZIS OUT OF YOUR LAND FOR GOOD. THEN YOU CAN LIVE IN PEACE.

THERE WERE VISIBLE TEARS IN THE CRETAN FARMER'S EYES AS HE WATCHED THE SMALL PATROL MARCH AWAY. HE AND HIS FAMILY WOULD NEVER FORGET THOSE GALLANT ENGLISHMEN.

GOODBYE AND THANK YOU... THANK YOU...

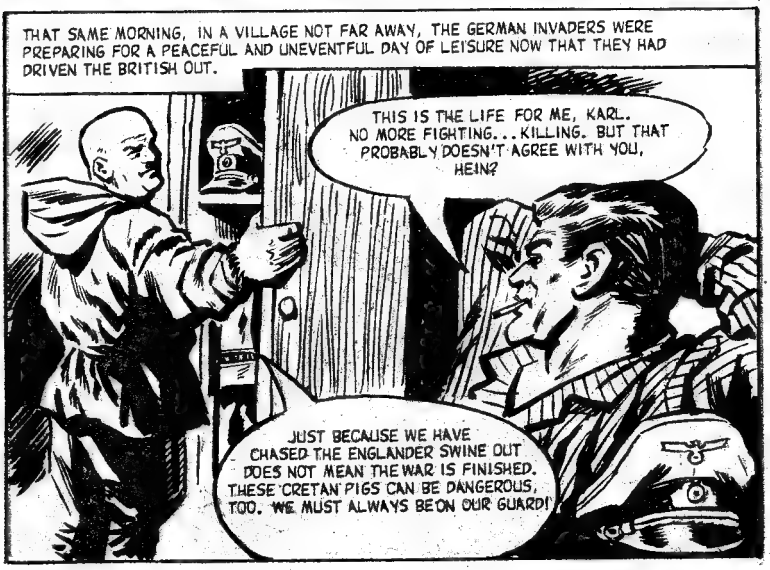
AN HOUR AFTER DAWN HAD SPLIT THE SKY, THE PATROL WAS CLIMBING UP IN THE MOUNTAINS. IT WAS HARD GOING, BUT THE MEN WERE CHEERFUL.

NOW I KNOW WHAT A MOUNTAIN GOAT FEELS LIKE.

YER, AND YOU LOOK LIKE ONE, TOO...

WHERE ARE WE HEADING FOR, SIR?

WE'LL HIDE UP HERE FOR A FEW DAYS, GILES, AND THEN MAKE FOR THE COAST AGAIN. THE ENEMY SHOULD HAVE SLACKENED THEIR GUARD BY THEN . .


THAT SAME MORNING, IN A VILLAGE NOT FAR AWAY, THE GERMAN INVADERS WERE PREPARING FOR A PEACEFUL AND UNEVENTFUL DAY OF LEISURE NOW THAT THEY HAD DRIVEN THE BRITISH OUT.
THIS IS THE LIFE FOR ME, KARL. NO MORE FIGHTING. . . KILLING. BUT THAT PROBABLY DOESN'T AGREE WITH YOU, HEIN?
JUST BECAUSE WE HAVE CHASED THE ENGLANDER SWINE OUT DOES NOT MEAN THE WAR IS FINISHED. THESE CRETAN PIGS CAN BE DANGEROUS, TOO. WE MUST ALWAYS BE ON OUR GUARD!

THE HEAVILY-BUILT OFFICER WAS HAUPTMANN VON KRANK. HE WAS A FANATICAL NAZI...

WHERE ARE YOU GOING TODAY, HERR HAPUTMANN? HUNTING FOR SOME ENGLANDERS TO KILL...?

THE ONLY ENGLANDERS ON THIS ISLAND NOW ARE DEAD ONES. THE OTHERS RAN AWAY WITH THEIR TAILS BETWEEN THEIR LEGS. BUT SOON WE WILL CATCH UP WITH THEM AND CRUSH ALL RESISTANCE. THEN HITLER WILL RULE THE WORLD!

A FELDWEBEL APPEARED IN THE DOORWAY. HIS NAME WAS SCHWARZ AND HE WAS A GREAT ADMIRER OF HAUPTMANN VON KRANK.

EXCUSE ME, HERR HAPUTMANN, BUT ALL IS READY.

SEHR GUT, SCHWARZ. I SHALL BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE.

ACH, CLIMBING. YOU ARE GOING CLIMBING, HANS. BUT SURELY THAT ISN'T THE WAY TO FIGHT A WAR. WE WILL NEVER WIN IF WE ALL INDULGE IN OUR FAVOURITE PASTIMES...

KRANK DID NOT MISS THE SARCASM IN THE GERMAN OFFICER'S VOICE. THE HAUPTMANN SCOWLED AND STORMED THROUGH THE DOOR.
HE IS A FUNNY ONE, THAT VON KRANK. ALL HE THINKS OF IS FIGHTING AND KILLING ENGLANDERS. HE ISN'T NORMAL.
JA. I THINK YOU ARE RIGHT. HE IS A SICK MAN. I WOULD NOT LIKE TO BE THE POOR ENGLANDER WHO MEETS HIM IN BATTLE!

VON KRANK HAD BEEN BROUGHT UP AMONG THE BAVARIAN MOUNTAINS AND WAS AN EXPERT CLIMBER. THIS WAS THE FIRST CHANCE HE HAD HAD OF SOME CLIMBING SINCE THE WAR HAD BEGAN. HE COULD NOT RESIST THE TEMPTATION. IT WAS TO HAVE DIRE CONSEQUENCES...
WHO IS THE THIRD MAN, SCHWARZ?
UNTEROFFIZER HERTZ. YOU WILL PROBABLY RECOGNIZE HIM. HE COMES FROM THE SAME VILLAGE THAT YOU LIVED IN GERMANY.

ACH, JA, I REMEMBER HIM. HE WAS ONE WHO WAS AGAINST HITLER AND THE WAR BEFORE IT STARTED. I DO NOT LIKE HIM, BUT HE WILL HAVE TO DO. FOR ALL HIS FAULTS, HE IS AN EXCELLENT CLIMBER.

TEN MINUTES LATER, THE THREE CLIMBERS SET OUT. THE MORNING WAS BEAUTIFUL AND THE MOUNTAINS INVITING. IT WAS A SHAME THAT SUCH A DAY WAS TO BE MARKED BY THE SPILLING OF BLOOD.

CLIMBING THE CHALLENGING ROCK, VON KRANK WAS IN HIS ELEMENT. MAYBE FOR A FEW HOURS, HE WOULD FORGET HIS HATE AND JUST BE A MAN ENJOYING HIMSELF.

MEANWHILE, THE ENGLISHMEN WERE RESTING AFTER THEIR LONG AND ARDUOUS MARCH. ALL EXCEPT FOR THE RESTLESS SERGEANT GILES. HE WAS SCOUTING.

GILES WHIRLED ROUND. WHEN HE SAW THE GERMANS GRIM HATE DARKENED HIS FACE.
ONLY THREE OF THEM, AND JUST WAITING TO BE PICKED OFF!

ON THE ROCKFACE, THE THREE GERMANS WERE DEEP IN CONCENTRATION ON THEIR CLIMB. THEY HAD FORGOTTEN ABOUT WAR AND DEATH.

CAREFULLY SELECTING HIS TARGET, GILES AIMED HIS GUN. HIS FACE WAS TWISTED IN A MURDEROUS GRIN.

THE GUN CHATTERED AND THE ECHOES ROLLED DOWN THE MOUNTAIN SLOPES, CLOSELY FOLLOWED BY THE SCREAM OF FELDWEBEL SCHWARZ AS HE FELL BACK WITH A BULLET IN HIS CHEST.
AAAAGH...

KRANK, QUICK-THINKING IN A TIME OF CRISIS, CUT THE ROPE CONNECTING HIM TO THE PLUNGING FELDWEBEL. SCHWARZ WOULD DIE ALONE.

GILES DIPPED HIS GUN TO TAKE AIM AT THE HAUPTMANN.

THE TWO ENGLISHMEN SCRAMBLED OVER TOWARDS THE GERMANS BELOW. VON KRANK REALISED THERE WAS NO ESCAPE NOW.

HERTZ WAS WHITE IN THE FACE AND HE WAS MUMBLING...
ALL RIGHT, JERRY, I'VE GOT YOU.
THIS KILLING... IT IS WRONG... ALL WRONG...

THE TWO MEN FACED EACH OTHER — KRANK AND GILES — AND BOTH SAW THE UNREASONING HATE IN EACH OTHER'S EYES.
YOU WILL GET NO THANKS FROM ME, ENGLANDER.
I DON'T EXPECT IT FROM A GERMAN...

HERTZ BROKE DOWN THEN. THERE WERE NO TEARS, JUST THE SOBS OF A MAN CONFUSED AND BEATEN BY THE FUTILITY OF WAR.

YOU SEE A MAN NEXT TO YOU. THEN A GUN FIRES AND HE IS GONE. WHY DOES IT HAVE TO BE LIKE THIS, ALWAYS FIGHTING EACH OTHER. THERE IS NO LOGIC...ONLY SUFFERING AND DEATH...

THERE IS A LIMIT TO WHAT A MAN'S NERVES CAN TAKE. HERTZ HAD REACHED HIS LIMIT.

YOU SNIVELLING COWARD, HERTZ! I ALWAYS KNEW THERE WAS A YELLOW STREAK IN YOU SOMEWHERE. YOU DISGRACE THE UNIFORM YOU WEAR!

THEY MOVED OFF THEN, ONE ENGLISHMEN POINTING A GUN AT THE BACK OF HIS ENEMY, THE OTHER COMFORTING A NERVE-SHATTERED GERMAN. SUCH IS THE INSANITY OF WAR.

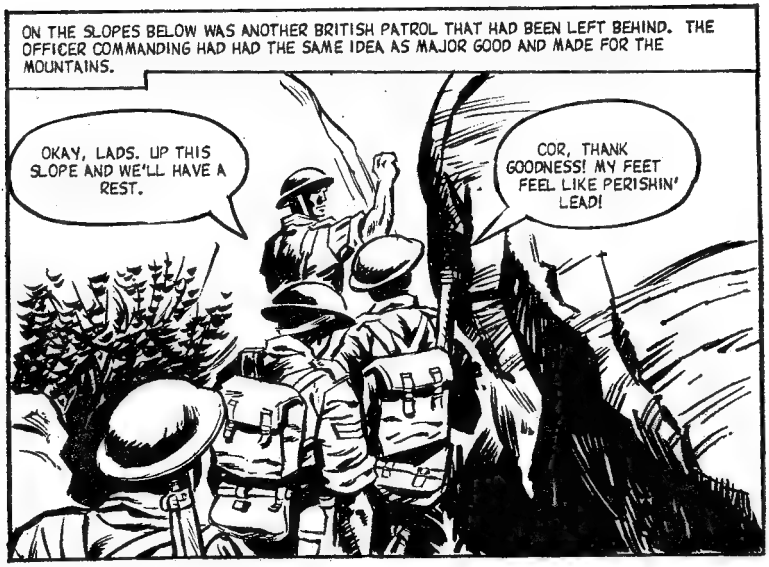
FIVE MINUTES LATER, THEY CAME UPON THE REST OF THE PATROL HIDING BEHIND ROCKS. MAJOR GOOD WAS PUZZLED WHEN HE SAW THE PRISONERS.

THE MAJOR QUESTIONED VON KRANK. THE GERMAN WAS NOT CO-OPERATIVE.
I SHALL TELL YOU NOTHING, HERR MAJOR. IT WOULD DO YOU NO GOOD IF I DID FOR YOU WILL NOT LEAVE CRETE ALIVE!
ALL RIGHT, HERR HAUPTMANN, YOU WON'T DISCLOSE ANY INFORMATION. AS AN OFFICER I REALISE THAT YOU ARE NOT OBLIGED TO...

GILES INTERRUPTED SAVAGELY, HIS TEETH GRITTED IN ANGER.
LET ME GET IT OUT OF HIM, MAJOR. I'LL SOON MAKE HIM TALK.!
NO, GILES! WE ARE NOT GOING TO STOOP TO BRUTAL METHODS...
I WILL TELL YOU...I WILL HELP YOU TO GET OUT OF THE ISLAND.

HERTZ, WATCHED BY THE SCORNFUL EYES OF VON KRANK, TOLD THE MAJOR THAT HE WOULD LEAD THEM TO A VILLAGE WHERE THEY COULD GET A BOAT...

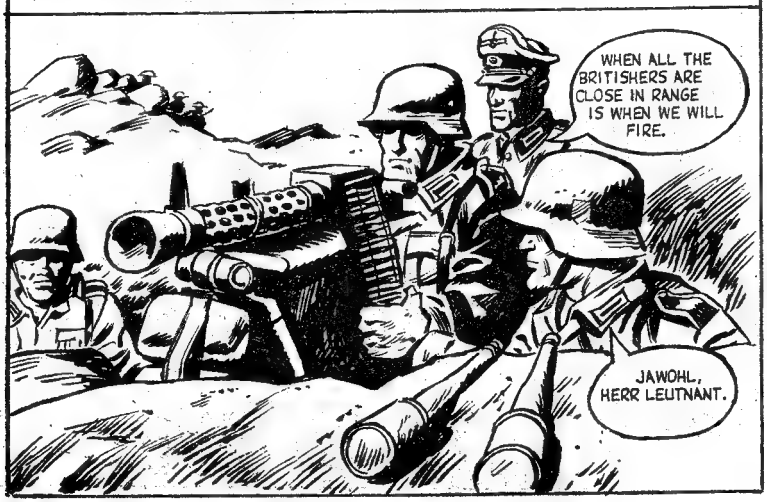
THAT EXCITED SHOUT AND THE WORDS THAT FOLLOWED BROKE THE TENSION. SMILES CREASED THE FACES OF THE ENGLISHMEN...


ON THE SLOPES BELOW WAS ANOTHER BRITISH PATROL THAT HAD BEEN LEFT BEHIND. THE OFFICER COMMANDING HAD HAD THE SAME IDEA AS MAJOR GOOD AND MADE FOR THE MOUNTAINS.
OKAY, LADS. UP THIS SLOPE AND WE'LL HAVE A REST.
COR, THANK GOODNESS! MY FEET FEEL LIKE PERISHIN' LEAD!

THE MEN HAD JUST REACHED THE RIDGE OVERLOOKING THE SLOPES WHEN SERGEANT GILES STOPPED THEM IN A WHISPERING WARNING.
TAKE COVER, MEN! THERE'RE JERRIES ON THE RIGHT FLANK DOWN THERE. KEEP IT QUIET OR WE'LL WARN THEM AND THAT PATROL WILL BE AS GOOD AS DEAD!

SILENTLY, AND AS ONE MAN, THE PATROL TOOK COVER — AND TOOK AIM...

THAT GERMAN PATROL WOULD NOT BE SO CONFIDENT AS IT NOW SEEMED IF IT HAD KNOWN THAT THOSE UNWAVERING, WAITING GUNS WERE POINTING IN ITS DIRECTION.



IN THE EXCITEMENT OF SEEING FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN AND THEN THE GERMAN PATROL, VON KRANK HAD BEEN FORGOTTEN. THEY WERE SHARPLY REMINDED OF HIM...
ENGLANDERS, CAMARADES! ABOVE YOU... ENGLANDERS!
SAVAGELY, GILES BUTTED THE HAUPTMANN OUT COLD.
BLAST YOU, JERRY! I OUGHT TO KILL YOU FOR THAT!
BUT IT WAS TOO LATE TO SAVE THE BRITISH PATROL. THEY FELL ONE AFTER ANOTHER UNDER THE VICIOUS MACHINE GUN FIRE, WITHOUT A CHANCE TO FIGHT BACK.
AAAAAGH!
TAKE COVER... AAAGH...!

FOR A FEW SECONDS, THE ENGLISHMEN ON THE RIDGE WERE STUNNED. THEN THE ANGRY ROAR OF SERGEANT GILES GALVANISED THEM INTO ACTION.

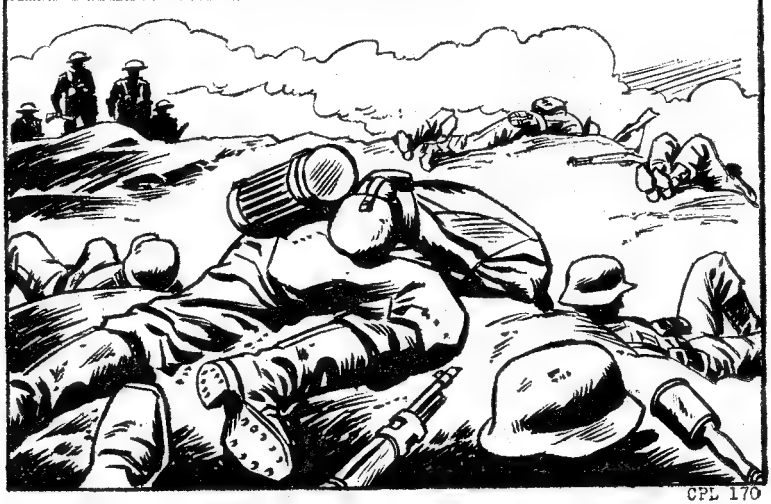
GET THE SWINE, LADS! DON'T LET 'EM GET AWAY WITH IT!

YER, LET'S GET 'EM!

A KIND OF MADNESS OVERTOOK THEM AS THEY CHARGED DOWN THE SLOPES IN BLIND RAGE, CRYING REVENGE.

THE GERMANS DID NOT KNOW WHAT HIT THEM, SO SUDDEN WAS THE ATTACK. GUNS SPAT IN SAVAGE REVENGE AND THE SCREAMS OF DYING MEN RENT THE AIR.

THREE MINUTES AND THE MASSACRE WAS OVER. THEY STOOD THERE, PANTING FROM EXHAUSTION, STARING IN DISBELIEF AT THE CARNAGE ABOUT THEM.



ALL THE MEN IN THE OTHER PATROL WERE DEAD, AS WERE ALL THE GERMANS. THE SURVIVORS FELT SICK THEN, WEARY OF WAR AND ITS KILLING.

WE DID THIS... ALL THESE MEN DEAD. AND FOR WHAT?

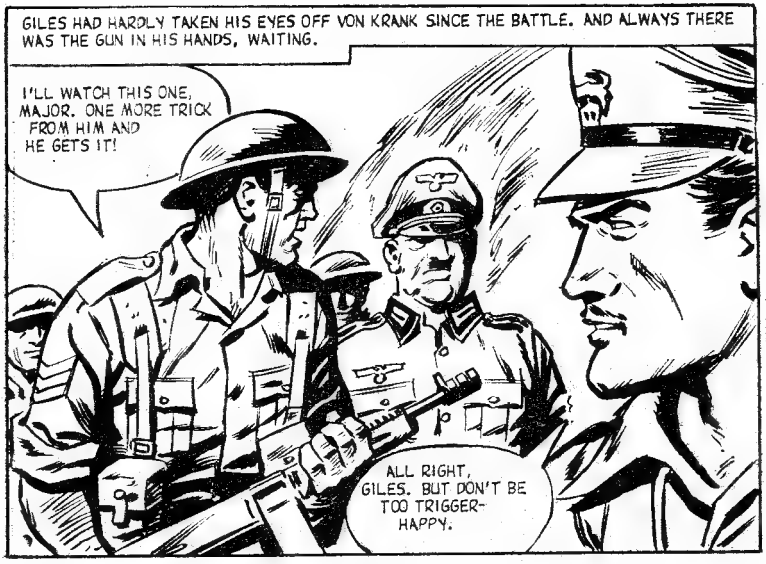
YOU TELL ME, MATE. THERE'S NO SENSE IN IT...

THE MAJOR HAD NOT BEEN IN THE BATTLE, BUT HE HAD SEEN IT. THAT WAS ENOUGH. HE SHOOK HIS HEAD WHEN HE ARRIVED ON THE GRIM SCENE.

WAR CAN BE SICKENING AT TIMES, SERGEANT. IT MAKES YOU WONDER IF MAN HAS IMPROVED AT ALL. STILL WE ARE FIGHTING, KILLING EACH OTHER. THERE'S NO LOGIC IN IT...

THERE IS AS LONG AS THERE ARE GERMANS TO KILL, MAJOR.

AT NOON, THE PATROL SET OFF WITH ITS TWO PRISONERS. EVERYONE WAS QUIETER, THE MEMORY OF THAT SLAUGHTER STILL DISTURBING THEIR THOUGHTS.


GILES HAD HARDLY TAKEN HIS EYES OFF VON KRANK SINCE THE BATTLE. AND ALWAYS THERE WAS THE GUN IN HIS HANDS, WAITING.
I'LL WATCH THIS ONE, MAJOR. ONE MORE TRICK FROM HIM AND HE GETS IT!
ALL RIGHT, GILES. BUT DON'T BE TOO TRIGGER-HAPPY.

THEY TRUDGED OVER THE ROCKY GROUND, BOTH FEELING THE INTENSE BARRIER OF HATE BETWEEN THEM. KRANK LAUGHED SCORNFULLY.
YOU THINK YOU WILL GET AWAY, ENGLANDER? THEN YOU ARE A FOOL! SOONER OR LATER MY CAMARADES WILL RUN INTO YOU AND THEN YOU WILL DIE!
THAT'S MY WORRY, YOU PIG. BUT YOU WON'T BE AROUND TO SEE IT HAPPEN!

I SHALL KILL YOU PERSONALLY, ENGLANDER, WHEN THE TIME COMES. I AM RESOLVED ON THAT.
YOU DON'T SCARE ME, JERRY.

HALF AN HOUR LATER, THEY CAME UPON A MOUNTAIN ROAD. IT WAS SHEER RELIEF FOR THEIR ACHING, BLISTERED FEET. AS THEY APPROACHED A BEND IN THE ROAD, THE SCOUT SHOUTED A WARNING.
THERE'S A TRUCK COMING! IT MUST BE THE JERRIES!
SCATTER MEN! TAKE COVER!

BUT THERE WAS NOWHERE TO HIDE AND NOW THEY COULD HEAR THE RUMBLING OF THE VEHICLE. PANIC BEGAN TO TAKE THEM.
THERE'S NO COVER! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?
WE HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE IN HELL!
KEEP YOUR HEADS, MEN! THERE MUST BE SOMEWHERE!

THEY WERE STILL LOOKING AS THE TRUCK ROUNDED THE BEND AND THE GERMANS IN IT SAW THEM. IT ACCELERATED FORWARD AND A MACHINE GUN BEGAN TO SPIT DEATH.

ENGLANDERS! SHOOT THEM!

AAAAGH!

IT SEEMED LIKE THE END FOR THE ENGLISHMEN. THEN, ONE OF THEM FOUND A CAVE. THEY BARGED INTO IT, DESPERATELY TRYING TO ESCAPE THE SPATTERING GUNFIRE.

MAKE IT SNAPPY!

OUTSIDE, THE GERMANS HAD HALTED THE TRUCK AND SURROUNDED THE CAVE. BUT THEIR GUNFIRE WAS USELESS AGAINST SUCH GOOD COVER.

CEASE FIRE! WE WILL NEVER GET THEM WHILE THEY REMAIN IN THERE. ALL WE CAN DO IS WAIT.

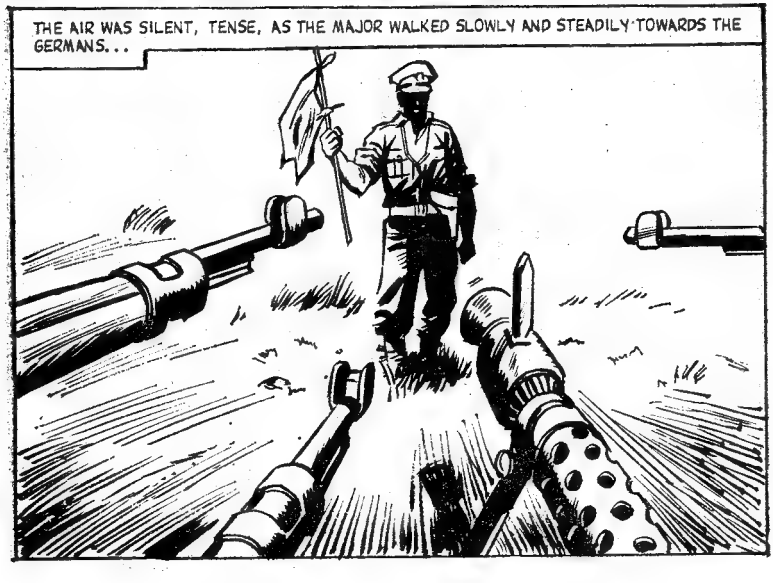
THE MAJOR WAS QUICK TO REALISE THE POSITION. HE MEANT TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT.

THE ENEMY CANNOT GET US IN HERE, SERGEANT, AND THEY KNOW IT, I'M GOING OUT TO BARGAIN WITH THEM.

YOU CAN'T TRUST 'EM, SIR. ONCE YOU STICK YOUR HEAD OUT, YOU'RE A DEAD MAN. YOU CAN'T TRUST JERRY!

I'LL TAKE MY CHANCE, SERGEANT. BUT YOU CAN COVER ME, JUST IN CASE THEY DO GET TRIGGER-HAPPY.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER, THE GERMAN OFFICER SAW A WHITE FLAG. HE COULD NOT HELP ADMIRING THE CLEVERNESS OF IT.
ALL RIGHT, ENGLANDER. YOU CAN COME OUT! WE WILL NOT SHOOT!


THE AIR WAS SILENT, TENSE, AS THE MAJOR WALKED SLOWLY AND STEADILY TOWARDS THE GERMANS...

THE MAJOR SPOKE FIRST. HE WAS IN A PERILOUS POSITION, YET HE WAS CALM AND COLLECTED.
I WANT TO STRIKE A BARGAIN WITH YOU, HERR LEUTNANT. I HAVE TWO PRISONERS. I WILL LET THEM FREE – IF YOU GIVE ME YOUR TRUCK IN EXCHANGE...
BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT I WON'T ORDER MY MEN TO BLAST YOU WITH GRENADES WHEN YOU ARE IN THE TRUCK AND WE HAVE THE PRISONERS?
I WON'T KNOW, HERR LEUTNANT. BUT I BELIEVE YOU ARE AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMEN. I WILL HAVE TO TRUST YOU TO YOUR HONOUR.
THE YOUNG OFFICER AND MAJOR HAD TAKEN AN INSTANT RESPECT TOWARDS EACH OTHER. THE LEUTENANT SMILED THEN. IT WAS A FRIENDLY SMILE...
I AGREE TO THE BARGAIN, HERR MAJOR. I WILL HOLD TO THAT TRUST AND SALUTE YOU AS A MAN OF MY OWN HEART.

THE MAJOR RETURNED THE SALUTE. HE WALKED BACK TO THE CAVE, NO LONGER FEARING THAT HE WOULD GET A BULLET IN HIS BACK.

SMILES OF RELIEF BROKE OUT ON THE MEN'S FACES WHEN THE MAJOR TOLD THEM THE GOOD NEWS. ALL, EXCEPT, SERGEANT GILES...

WE HAVE NO CHOICE. IT'S THE ONLY WAY WE HAVE A CHANCE OF ESCAPING.
I DON'T LIKE IT, MAJOR... I DON'T LIKE IT...!

WATCHED BY THE ALERT EYES OF THE GERMANS, THEY CLAMBERED INTO THE TRUCK. THEN SERGEANT GILES LED THE TWO PRISONERS OUT.
YOU WILL NOT GET AWAY, ENGLISH PIG! I SHALL NOT REST UNTIL I HAVE CAUGHT UP WITH YOU AND KILLED YOU WITH MY OWN HANDS!
TELL IT TO THE FAIRIES! YOU AND YOUR BIG TALK DOESN'T SCARE ME ANY!

SLOWLY AND CAUTIOUSLY, GILES WALKED OVER TO THE CAB AND GOT IN. A MOMENT LATER, THE TRUCK ROARED AWAY IN A CLOUD OF DUST.

IMMEDIATELY, THE BRITISH PULLED AWAY, VON KRANK RETURNED TO FIGHTING THE WAR. HE SCREAMED ORDERS.

SEETHING WITH ANGER, KRANK TURNED ON THE DEFIANT LEUTNANT.
YOU DARE TO DISOBEY ME! YOU WILL SUFFER FOR THIS, HERR LEUTNANT! YOU MEN — FIRE AT THE BRITISH AND STOP THEM — SCHNELL!

BUT THE MEN DID NOT MOVE. THEY, TOO, WERE MEN WITH HONOUR.

BY NOW THE BRITISH WERE OUT OF SIGHT. MAJOR GOOD SPOKE TO GILES, A SLIGHT SMILE ON HIS LIPS.
NOT SO BAD AFTER ALL, THESE GERMANS, EH, SERGEANT...?
MAYBE, MAJOR... MAYBE!

THAT YOUNG LEUTNANT IS A FINE FELLOW. A MAN YOU CAN TRUST. NOT LIKE THE HAUPTMANN...
PITY THERE AREN'T MORE GERMANS LIKE THE LEUTNANT...PERHAPS WAR WOULDN'T BE HALF SO BAD...

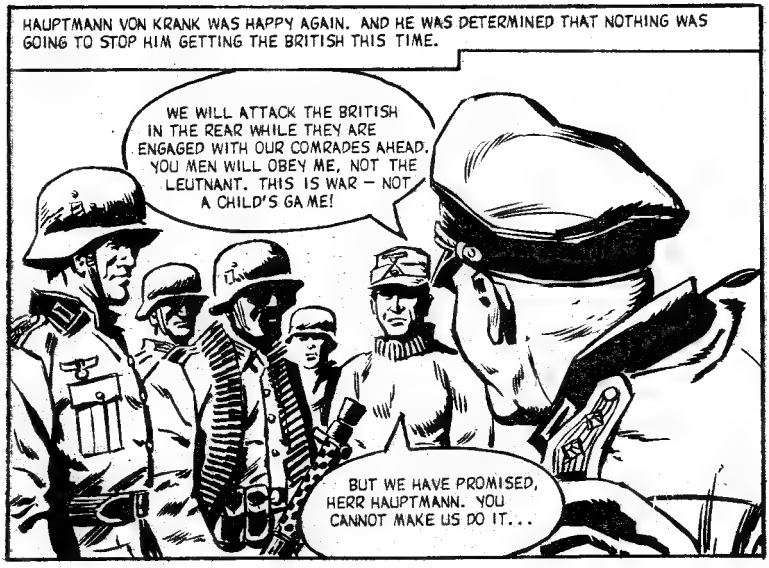
IT WAS FIVE MINUTES AFTER THE BRITISH HAD GONE THAT THE GERMAN PATROL RECEIVED A SIGNAL OVER THEIR RADIO.
HERR LEUTNANT! A SIGNAL FROM A PATROL MOVING DOWN THE ROAD TOWARDS THE BRITISHERS IN THE TRUCK!

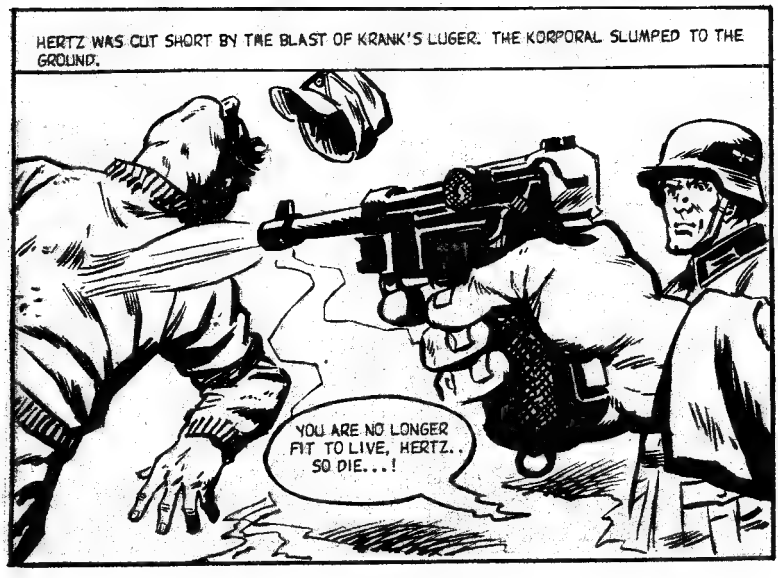
RUTHLESSLY, VON FRANK PUSHED THE SIGNALLER ASIDE AND GRABBED THE RADIO. HE WARNED THE OTHER PATROL OF THE BRITISH APPROACH.

YOU MUST AMBUSH THE TRUCK. AT ALL COSTS DO NOT LET THEM THROUGH!

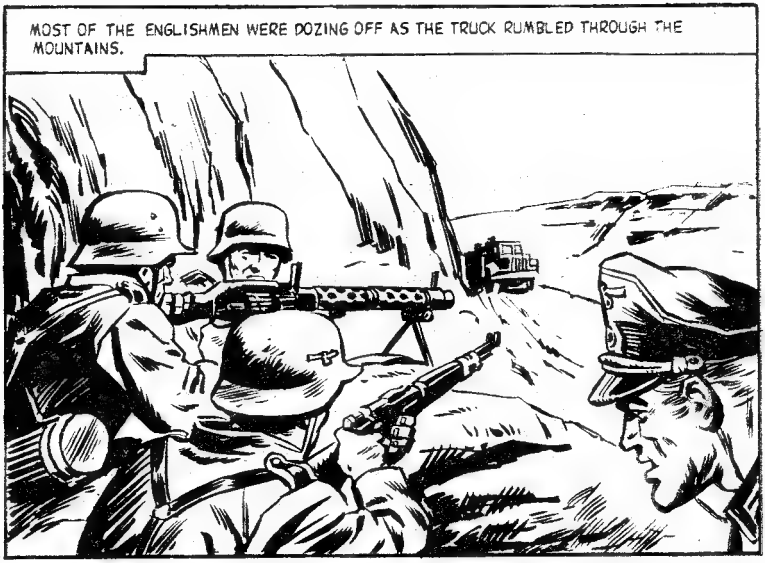
THE GERMAN OFFICER IN CHARGE OF THAT PATROL RECEIVED THE MESSAGE WITH GLADNESS. HE HAD NOT SEEN ANY ACTION FOR DAYS.

YOU TAKE THE RIGHT FLANK, FELDWEBEL. I'LL TAKE THIS ONE.


HAUPTMANN VON KRANK WAS HAPPY AGAIN. AND HE WAS DETERMINED THAT NOTHING WAS GOING TO STOP HIM GETTING THE BRITISH THIS TIME.
WE WILL ATTACK THE BRITISH IN THE REAR WHILE THEY ARE ENGAGED WITH OUR COMRADES AHEAD. YOU MEN WILL OBEY ME, NOT THE LEUTNANT. THIS IS WAR – NOT A CHILD'S GAME!
BUT WE HAVE PROMISED, HERR HAUPTMANN. YOU CANNOT MAKE US DO IT...

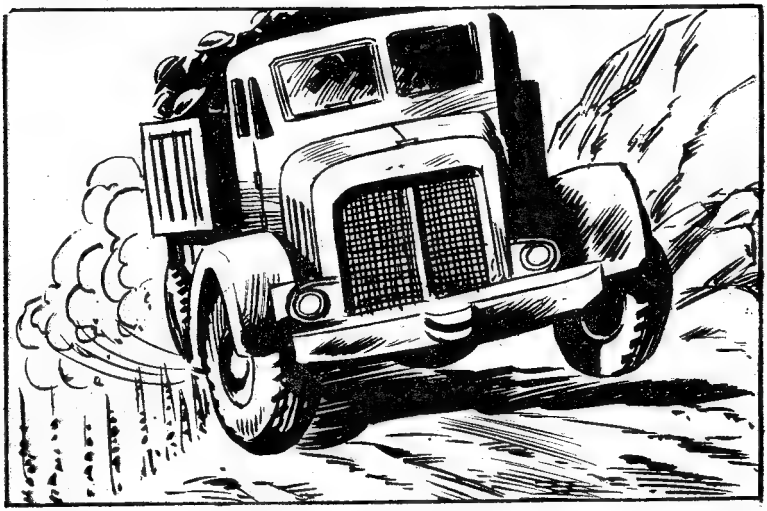

HERTZ WAS CUT SHORT BY THE BLAST OF KRANK'S LUGER. THE KORPORAL SLUMPED TO THE GROUND.
YOU ARE NO LONGER FIT TO LIVE, HERTZ.. SO DIE...!

THE YOUNG LEUTNANT, BLAZING INDIGNANTLY, STEPPED FORWARD IN PROTEST.
THIS TIME YOU HAVE OVERDONE IT, HERR HAUPTMANN. I SHALL REPORT THIS TO... AAAAGH!
DEFYING THEM TO DISOBEY HIM, VON KRANK FACED THE REST OF THE MEN. RELUCTANTLY, THEY BEGAN TO MOVE...
ALL RIGHT, YOU COWARDLY PIGS! GET MOVING UP THE ROAD! DISOBEY ME AND YOU WILL BE SHOT!


MOST OF THE ENGLISHMEN WERE DOZING OFF AS THE TRUCK RUMBLED THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS.

SUDDENLY, THE AIR WAS SHATTERED BY SEARING, WHINING BULLETS. SURPRISE WAS ON THE GERMANS SIDE.

THEN A BULLET TORE INTO A FRONT TYRE AND THE FAST-MOVING VEHICLE SWERVED VIOLENTLY.



DESPERATELY, SERGEANT GILES TRIED TO KEEP CONTROL. BUT THE TRUCK SLEWED TO THE SIDE OF THE ROAD AND TURNED OVER.

THE MEN WERE SPILLED OUT. YET WHEN THEY GOT UP THEY WERE READY FOR BATTLE.

HATE AND REVENGE TWISTED GILES' FACE AS HE FIRED HIS STUTTERING STEN GUN...

SO MUCH FOR THE GERMANS AND THEIR TRUST, MAJOR! IT WAS A TRAP! WE WERE FOOLED!

IT LOOKS VERY MUCH AS IF YOU'RE RIGHT, GILES. BUT I STILL FIND IT HARD TO BELIEVE THAT THAT YOUNG LEUTNANT WOULD TRICK US!

AS THE FIERCE BATTLE RAGED, THE LEUTNANT WAS REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS...

HE COULD HEAR THE SOUNDS OF THE BATTLE AND THEN HE REMEMBERED KRANK'S PLAN.

THE BRITISHERS! THEY WILL HAVE NO CHANCE. I MUST STOP VON KRANK. I WILL TAKE A SHORT CUT AND GET THERE BEFORE HIM!

STILL RATHER DAZED AND UNSTEADY, THE YOUNG OFFICER STUMBLED OVER THE ROUGH MOUNTAINOUS TERRAIN.

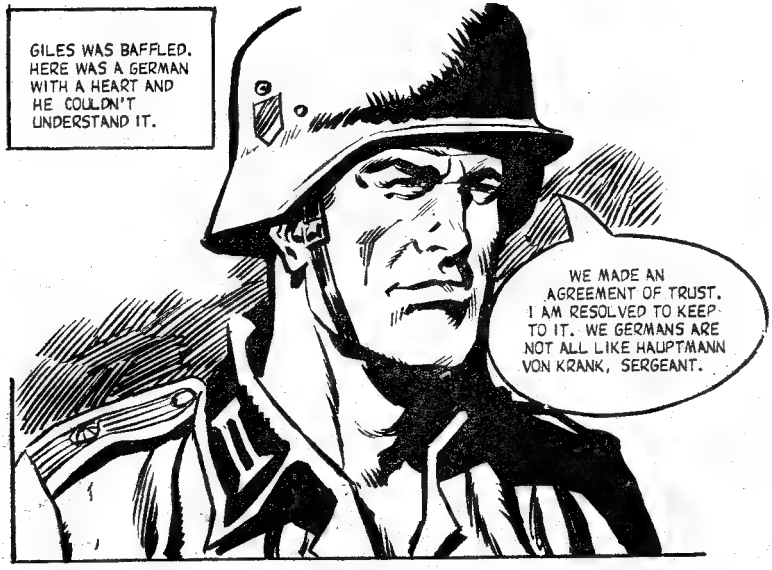
MEANWHILE, SERGEANT GILES HAD BEEN STRUCK BY AN IDEA. NOW HE WAS CREEPING AWAY FROM THE BRITISH POSITIONS.

UNHARMED AND UNHURT HE AT LAST REACHED A POINT ABOVE AND ON THE FLANK OF THE ENEMY.

GLOATINGLY, HE LOOKED DOWN AT THE UNSUSPECTING GERMANS BELOW. HE REACHED FOR A GRENADE.

HE SWUNG THE GRENADE BACK AND WAS JUST ABOUT TO THROW IT WHEN A FAMILIAR VOICE SOUNDED BEHIND HIM.
STOP! DO NOT THROW IT, SERGEANT! I WILL STOP THE FIGHTING!

GILES WHIPPED ROUND, EVERY NERVE READY. SLOWLY, THE YOUNG LEUTNANT WALKED UP TO HIM.


GILES WAS BAFFLED. HERE WAS A GERMAN WITH A HEART AND HE COULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT.
WE MADE AN AGREEMENT OF TRUST. I AM RESOLVED TO KEEP TO IT. WE GERMANS ARE NOT ALL LIKE HAUPTMANN VON KRANK, SERGEANT.

THEN VON KRANK ARRIVED, GRINNING HATE, HE LED HIS MEN FORWARD.
PICK YOUR TARGETS! BUT LEAVE THE SERGEANT TO ME! I HAVE A PROMISE TO KEEP!
JAWOHL, HERR HAUPTMANN.

THEY COULD SEE THE HAUPTMANN FROM THE RIDGE. THE LEUTNANT SPRANG UP THEN, SHOUTING.
STOP! EVERYONE STOP FIGHTING, WE ARE NOT FIGHTING LIKE MEN... BUT LIKE ANIMALS! WE MUST STOP...

WITH NO HESITATION, KRANK RAISED HIS LUGER AND FIRED. THE WORDS WERE TORN FROM THE LEUTNANT AS HE CRASHED TO THE GROUND, DEAD...

INSTINCTIVELY, GILES THREW THE GRENADE. IT BLASTED KRANK'S PATROL WITH DEVASTATING FORCE.
THE NUMBERS WERE EQUAL AGAIN. NOW ONLY TIME AND LUCK WOULD TELL WHICH SIDE WOULD WIN...
AAAAGH!

GILES REJOINED THE MAJOR BEHIND THE TRUCK. BUT HE DID NOT FIGHT LIKE A MAN WITH A FANATICAL HATE, BUT LIKE A MAN DETERMINED TO WIN.
WHAT MADE THAT LEUTNANT WARN US ABOUT VON KRANK, SERGEANT? YOU WERE THERE...

THE SERGEANT'S FACE WAS NOT PUZZLED THIS TIME...
I DIDN'T KNOW BEFORE... BUT I THINK I'M BEGINNING TO KNOW NOW, MAJOR.

THE GERMAN RANKS WERE DWINDLING FAST NOW. THEY HAD NOT EXPECTED SUCH A FEROCIOUS COUNTER-ATTACK. THEN, AT LAST, THEY BROKE AND RAN...

THERE WERE ONLY HALF-A-DOZEN ENGLISHMEN LEFT. THE MAJOR AND SERGEANT GILES WERE INSPECTING THE TRUCK WHEN THEY HEARD THE DESPERATE CRIES OF A MAN IN TROUBLE...

SLOWLY, CAUTIOUSLY, GILES CLIMBED DOWN WATCHED BY HIS AMAZED COMRADES.

KRANK STARED IN TERROR AS THE ENGLISHMEN GOT EVER NEARER. THEN HE FELT THE SERGEANT'S SURE, STRONG HANDS LIFTING HIM UP.
OKAY, JERRY. YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT...
DANKE...DANKE, ENGLANDER...

THE CLIMB BACK WAS LONG AND ARDUOUS. MANY TIMES GILES SLIPPED. BUT HE DID NOT REST. HE WAS DETERMINED TO GET TO THE TOP.

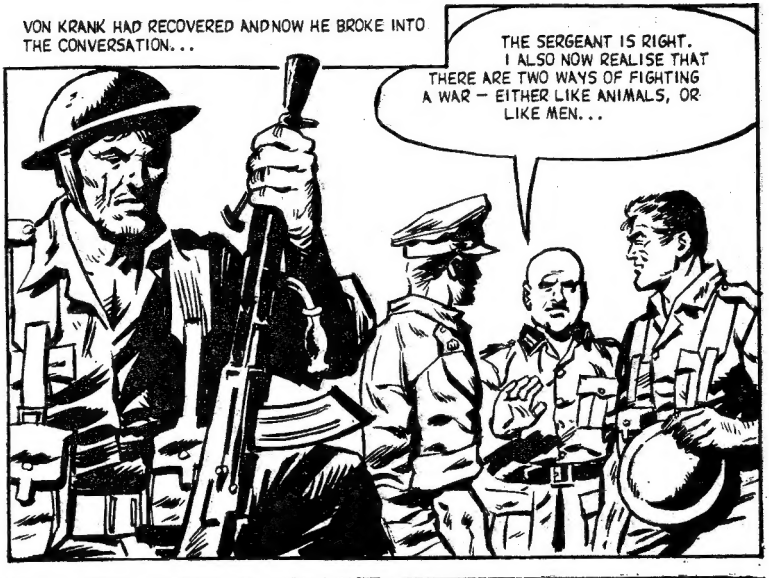
IT TOOK HIM TWENTY MINUTES TO REACH THE TOP. HE WAS TOO EXHAUSTED TO SPEAK WHEN THEY LIFTED THE HAUPTMANN FROM HIS SHOULDERS.

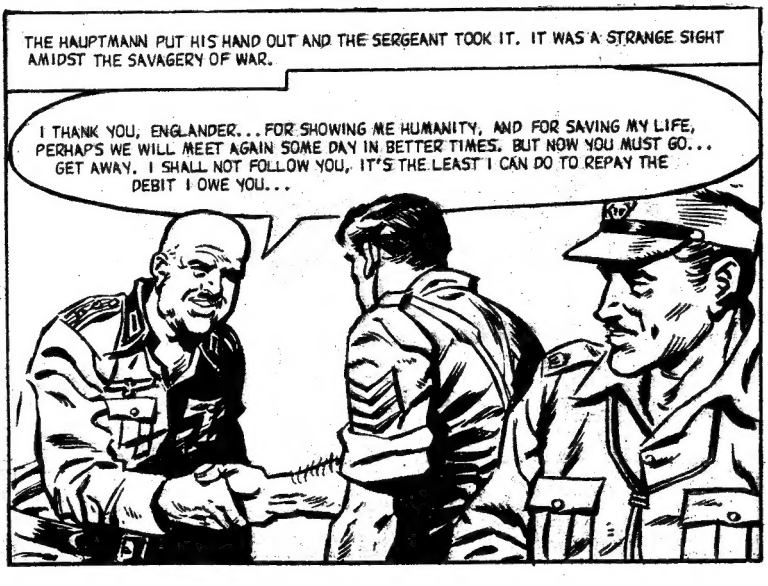
WELL DONE, SERGEANT. YOU'RE A BETTER MAN THAN I THOUGHT YOU WERE.

THE MAJOR SPOKE TO GILES THEN, BEWILDERMENT ON HIS FACE...

WHY DID YOU DO IT, SERGEANT? I THOUGHT YOU HATED ALL GERMANS...

THERE'S ROOM FOR SOME HUMANITY IN THIS SAVAGE WAR, MAJOR... THE LEUTNANT SHOWED ME THAT. I'VE LEARNT IT'S NOT ALL KILLING AND HATE...


VON KRANK HAD RECOVERED AND NOW HE BROKE INTO THE CONVERSATION...
THE SERGEANT IS RIGHT. I ALSO NOW REALISE THAT THERE ARE TWO WAYS OF FIGHTING A WAR — EITHER LIKE ANIMALS, OR LIKE MEN...


THE HAUPTMANN PUT HIS HAND OUT AND THE SERGEANT TOOK IT. IT WAS A STRANGE SIGHT AMIDST THE SAVAGERY OF WAR.
I THANK YOU, ENGLANDER... FOR SHOWING ME HUMANITY, AND FOR SAVING MY LIFE, PERHAPS WE WILL MEET AGAIN SOME DAY IN BETTER TIMES. BUT NOW YOU MUST GO... GET AWAY. I SHALL NOT FOLLOW YOU, IT'S THE LEAST I CAN DO TO REPAY THE DEBIT I OWE YOU...

THE ENGLISHMEN TURNED AWAY AND BEGAN MARCHING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN ROAD. THEY HAD A LONG, HAZARDOUS JOURNEY AHEAD. BUT FOR ONE MAN THAT JOURNEY WOULD BE A LITTLE LIGHTER — THE CHIP HAD BEEN LIFTED FROM HIS SHOULDER...

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DARING DEEDS OF WORLD WAR TWO

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT D. HORNELL, R.C.A.F. was first pilot of a Catalina which attacked a U-Boat in northern waters. Although the submarine was sunk, the Catalina was badly hit by flak and crashed. The one serviceable dinghy could not hold all the crew and after 21 hours in icy water two men died. Flight Lieutenant Hornell died after being rescued by an R.A.F. launch. For his valour and devotion he was awarded the Victoria Cross.